

Guardian

by 2late2begin

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Summary: *Major spoilers for the new movie! HTTYD2* A fix it fic of sorts for the events, one in particular, that happened in the movie.

Mentions of character death.

Guardian

**So yes me and my sister went and saw the pre-premire of the How to Train Your Dragon 2 movie last night and it was amazing! This series continues to hold its place as my favorite animated movie series. The artwork was stunning as well as the soundtrack, animation and story. I am using this as a fix it fic of sorts for myself concerning Stoic's death so yeah...**

**Warning: Contains extreme spoilers for the new movie and mentions of character death. **

_**Disclaimer: I wouldn't have killed him if it was mine.

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**P.S- My sister also wrote a fic about Stoic's last thought before his death. It is really good so you should check it out! Her name is OneHetalia and the story is called Son.**

**P.S.S- I have already almost finished the first chapter of a multi-chap fic focusing on Eret and his new life on Berk that I will hopefully post soon.**

**Music listened to while writing- HTTYD2 soundtrack though mostly track 10 (flying with mother) and track 19 (Where no one goes)**

**Guardian**

It is late in the night when Toothless is awoken. Everyone had retired for the night, exhausted from the excitement of the fight, but someone was here. Glancing quickly at his rider he confirmed that

the other was safe before casting his gaze around the room. His eyes saw nothing, but he knew that there was someone else in the house.

Quietly as he could he rose to his feet, slinking silently across the floor, the swishing of his tail fin on the floor the only sound. He clambered down the stairs with practiced ease, landing with a thump just in front of the staircase, his senses on high alert though they were all telling him that there was nothing here. Toothless ignored this, however, beginning a steady sweep of the house.

Everything felt wrong about the place now though and not all of it had to do with the dragons strange feeling. Every sight and smell radiated memories of the former chief. The man who had after learning the truth, opened his home to the lone Night Fury and accepted him into his family and the man who he had now killed.

No matter how many times Hiccup had assured him that it wasn't his fault, that it was the Alpha's doing Toothless refused to accept anything, but the cold brutal truth that he deserved. It was his lack of control that had killed the chief and saying it was the Alpha was just pushing aside the blame.

He would forever mourn the large vikings passing and would probably never truly forgive himself, but he had a duty now. He would take up the man's promise to defend his family from harm and the heavens would fall before he failed that man again.

He would protect this makeshift family with his life.

With this promise fresh in his mind Toothless continued to scout the house. He had almost given up on his search, thinking it must just be the exhaustion playing with his mind, when he felt it, a fourth presence in the house. He immediately recognized the same strange feeling that had woken him, but something was still off.

Throwing his head from side to side he tried desperately to pinpoint the source realizing with mounting panic that it was coming from upstairs. Caution thrown to the wind he launched up the staircase with one powerful leap, adrenalin pushing his tired body into action.

Toothless leaped through the doorway to his friends room, claws and teeth bared, his throat already working up a bit a flame, when he froze, shocked.

The room was empty, or so it seemed. It wasn't even till his eyes third sweep of the bedroom that he noticed it.

A faint shimmering of the air near the edge of the bed.

Growling softly he quickly approached, whatever it actually was, Toothless wasn't sure. All the dragon knew was that it was the presence he had felt and it was still next to his sleeping friend, far to close for comfort. Growling again Toothless watched tensely as the patch seemed to notice him and shift slightly in his direction, twisting and swirling until it took on a somewhat human shape, and a very familiar one at that.

"Ah, seems ya caught me. Not much of a surprise really, I figured I

would run into you at some point. Figures you can sense me."

Before Toothless stood none other then Stoic the Vast, the very man that had plagued the dragons thoughts since his passing.

Toothless' eyes were wide with sorrow and slight fear as he slowly approached the man he knew to be dead. He gave off no scent and looked much younger, but there was no mistaking that face nor his rumbling voice. The former chief grinned as he observed the small dragon.

" Its good to know you are back in yer right mind, I feared the worst for a while, but looks like you and m' boy sorted everything out, not that I'm surprised. You too seem to have a way with setting things right."

The dragon cast his gaze to the side, unable to look the apparition in the eye, and keened softly. This brought a sad smile to the man's face as he looked upon the guilt ridden beast before him.

"It's alright, I don't blame ya' for what happened, your weren't yer right mind when it happened, and in the end you saved the whole of Berk. That alone was repentance for any wrongs you could have committed, not that you ever have. I'm glad my boy chose you to be his protector, but that also means that you have to take up the slack now that I'm not around to keep him from doing something too crazy. It falls to you now, ya hear?"

Toothless brought his gaze back up to the hulking man and purred softly, accepting the mans words. Stoic nodded and looked back at the form of his son still sleeping soundly in the bed, unaware of his fathers presence.

"I wish I could still be with ya' m'boy, but even if I could go back, I would still have saved ya'."

Toothless watched silently as the former chief stared down at his son before he straightened looking determined.

"Ah bugger, Valhalla is probably boring anyways."

Toothless tilted his head curiously as the man lent down and touched his son's shoulder. Immediately the young man began to glow faintly, as did Stoic himself before the man began to fade, though his presence remained just as strong.

Growling in confusion and worry Toothless began to step forward, but Stoic merely held up a fading hand.

"No worries lad, I guess I'll stick around a while more. After all I can't leave Valka to try to handle you both all by herself now can I? No, I'm linked to the boy now, so I'll help you keep an eye on 'im from now on, though I don't know how much I can do like this, at least I can watch the lad grow up, eh?"

Stoic's form had almost completely faded now, but Toothless knew that even once he could no longer see the former chief the dragon could take comfort knowing that the other was still there, watching over them.

"Well then, seems my time is up. Goodbye, ya' ugly beast."

And with those last words and one last glance at his son Stoic the Vast faded from sight.

Toothless quickly cast his senses out, tensing slightly, but soon relaxed when he felt the comforting presence coming from just next to the boy still asleep in the bed. Purring quietly Toothless crawled over to the rug next to his best friends bed and with one last rumble, fell asleep under the watchful eyes of the former chief.

**~Fin~**

End
file.